

SHERWOOD PLAYS APRIL FOOL ON SENATOR HILL

By ELLIOT RICHTER

Tuesday, April 1st was a politically oriented day at CCP — Frank Rizzo spoke at campus II, Lynn Abraham spoke in the auditorium along with Judge Lisa Richette and Councilwoman Dr. Ethel Allen. (Lynn is a candidate for Municipal Judge.) Lou Hill, Democratic candidate for mayor, visited the campus at 11th st., and some of his supporters who are students at CCP set up a table to hand out literature. Shortly after Senator Hill left the campus, Dr. Paul Sherwood closed the table down where the literature was being handed out.

Dean Sherwood stated to the Vanguard that, "The college cannot support any partisan political function. Secondly, the lobby is too crowded to have a table set up there for any reason."

On April fourth a table was set up in the same lobby for the jeweler selling class rings. This operation was not impaired by Den Sherwood.

The other political goings on within the campus were not impaired by Dean Sherwood.

Professor Peter McGrath of the political science department of CCP was with Senator Hill when he visited the campus. "Senator Hill was on campus from 11:30 until

12:20," McGrath said, "and he was warmly received by the students. . . Many students approached him (Hill) and offered their services as volunteer workers in the campaign."

"Students are now of legal voting age, and they should be informed of who the candidates are."

Steve Goodman, campaign worker at Hill headquarters, told the Vanguard, "There was no question of legalities, our workers didn't break any laws." When he was told of Dean Sherwood's remark, he added, "If the college campus is no place for politics, what is? Politics and education have the same background — free thought."

The underlying attitude of a random sampling of students on campus revealed that they took the action as a sign of the administration's support of Mayor Rizzo. Many other students felt the administration was just afraid of possibly offending the mayor, since he is responsible for our budget. (Alas, the budget comes from city council, and council president George Schwartz is a Hill supporter.)

Dean Sherwood did not comment on why he didn't take his action while Senator Hill and Professor McGrath were still in the immediate area.

C.C.P. MOVES TO TV

By RICHARD MOSKOWITZ

Beginning next October, C.C.P. will have between 45 to 65 half hour specials aired on K.Y.W. Television (channel three). The specials will focus on the aspects and concepts of a Community College, in particular Community College of Phila.

In preparation for the specials, on April 7, 1975, a film crew led by Carl Thomas, Director of Community Services, was in the lower level of the annex taking candid shots of the different student organizations.

In an interview with Bradshaw Kinsey, Assistant to the Director of Community Services, the Vanguard

learned that such a series of programs might stimulate an interest in Community Colleges all over. There is also one other reason for these telecasts, according to Mr. Kinsey.

That is that K.Y.W. station managers felt an increase in community services would be beneficial.

Thomas & Kinsey had done this sort of telecasts in the past at Lincoln University where Mr. Thomas was Dean of Students. The program was reportedly a success in production and in spirit. Thomas and Kinsey are anticipating success for their present telecasts of C.C.P.

AS THE TRIAL GOES ON . . .

By BOB ALLS and GARY BRYER

The hearing for the case of Larry Brown (in the name of the students) vs. Paul M. Sherwood, Alan T. Bonnell, and The Board of Trustees, had its first two sessions.

The hearings took place in U.S. Federal Court, with Raymond Broderick presiding.

The initial hearing was slated for March 18th, but was postponed due to the absence of an attorney for the Plaintiffs (students), and rescheduled to March 25th.

WINNET FILES FOR DISMISSAL

At the March 18 hearing, Nochem Winnet (defense attorney) presented a motion to dismiss the complaint.

The motion was put before the court on the grounds that:

"The complaint of the plaintiffs is moot (dead issue), because the intra-college communications system had been reopened and is presently in operation."

"The Complaint alleges no abuse of due process against any individual."

"Defendants have the sole right to initiate or terminate extracurricular activities conducted by the College. Wherefore, Defendants move the court to dismiss action."

In support of his motion to dismiss, Winnet claimed that Sherwood had sufficient reason to close WIDS, and that funds for the Radio Station are provided by the college.

"The facility is not a 'course of instruction' for which any one connected therewith obtains credit."

"It is an activity like many other activities, such as athletic facilities, student newspaper, student entertainment programming, etc."

"There has been no interference by the College with any freedom or civil rights of any student at the college. And none is alleged in the complaint except for general terms."

On the morning of March 25th, Raymond A. Takiff, attorney for the students, answered with the following motion:

"The Complaint is not moot. . . nowhere in the defendant's motion, nor in memoranda in support thereof, is there set forth any allegation that there have been established guidelines set forth by the defendants."

"The unilateral, capricious action of the Defendants in 'gagging' a constitutionally guaranteed right of the plaintiffs is admitted in their motion."

In reply to the defense that there was no abuse of power, Takiff said:

"The relationship between a student and college where he matriculates is found in the law of contracts. The terms of the contracts are set forth in the student handbook and implied in law."

"The terms set forth in the student's handbook and the terms set forth in the joint document

Drug Raid A'La CCP

By Vanguard News Service

At 12:00 noon on April 7th, a student was grabbed by a police officer in the annex basement men's room. The policeman, Joe Williams (assigned to the Police Radio Room) is also a CCP student.

Officer Williams accused the suspect, John D'Agostino, of carrying marijuana on his person, and pulled him into the hallway to await assistance from CCP security officers.

While they were in the hallway another student,

AAUP Joint Statement of Rights and Freedoms of Students, adopted by both the students and administration clearly state that the intra-collegiate broadcasting facility is a recognized function of the school; and in advertising this facility, the institution implies its existence until stopped by due process of law.

"... that no standard of administrative conduct will be so vague as to have a chilling effect on the First Amendment rights of students."

"The defendants' argument, here, seems to be, 'we may do what we please.' They seem to be saying that they rely upon their own judgement with respect to wholesome education. Thus, it would seem they argue that if they feel the intra-collegiate broadcasting system is not wholesome, they may close it. If tomorrow they change their mind, they may reopen it. All conduct proceeding without objective standard."

THE SECOND TIME AROUND

On March 25, with all attorneys present, the case appeared before the Honorable Raymond Broderick.

At the hearing Broderick refused the Motion for Dismissal. He also refused to serve the College with a mandatory injunction. (This injunction would force the college to open or keep open the radio station). The Judge did, however, state that if the need arose he would grant such an injunction.

During the course of the hour long hearing, both lawyers consented to try to relieve this matter out of court. They are going to try to set forth guidelines, that would govern the closing of any student activity, or the disciplining thereof.

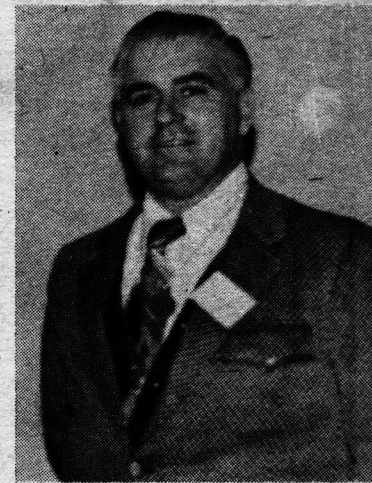
The Court allowed thirty days for this action and for the Defendants' attorney to answer the complaint made by Takiff.

Present at the hearing to represent the College were: Nochem Winnet (attorney), Robert Kind (Chairman of the Board of Trustees), and Dr. Paul M. Sherwood (Dean of Students).

Present for Students were: Raymond J. Takiff (attorney), Larry Brown (President of Student Gov't), and an array of students representing Vanguard, WIDS, and Student Gov't.

Vincent Viccarelli, became, in the opinion of officer Williams, too vehement in his protest of the arrest and was taken along with D'Agostino for his interference.

Numerous witnesses told the Vanguard that they didn't know what was happening as



Joe Williams, CCP student and Phila. Policeman.

the officer never told any of them that he was a cop. Many of them believed it was a fight and tried to intercede.

After the suspects were taken from the Campus, calls by the Vanguard to the 6th Pol. Dist. and the Pol. Narcotics Unit failed to ascertain the whereabouts of and charges against the suspects.

According to Joe Morris, asst. head of security at CCP, "I tried to get in touch with Dr. Sherwood or Dr. Fields, but they were out to lunch. This is strictly a police operation; the school has nothing to do with it. . . As far as I know, they weren't searched, and I haven't been told of any charges."

The suspects, the Vanguard later ascertained, were taken to the 6th pol. district and then to the Central Detective Division where they were released with no charges.

ILLEGAL CANDIDATE FOUND IN ELECTION

By KENNETH T.A. GREENE

It has been learned that Sonya D. Riggins, candidate for Student Affairs Committee, does not attend school here at CCP. This incident was discovered April 7th when this reporter was vote counting.

The STUDENT VANGUARD went to the registrar's office to confirm our suspicions but was referred to the Dean's office, but his secretary wouldn't release the records. So I asked Editor (Ex.) Gary Bryer, the question who confirmed it.

Later, I went to Henry Varlack (Director of Student Activities) who said "You have to be a student to run for office." Arthur Arnold said that if it's true, she will be disqualified. Riggins got quite a few votes in the election and if true, deprived a lot of voters a fair choice. She is currently applying for readmission, but as stated, you have to be an enrolled student.



Bradshaw Kinsey, Assistant to Director of Community Services. Photo: R. Moskowitz

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The New Vanguard

By E. RICHTER

The Vanguard is changing — this time for the better. We have new blood, new ideas, and many new openings for CCP students to fill. We want to change the Vanguard's image from a poorly produced scandle sheet to a highly respected college newspaper.

We have a firm basis for this change with some new ideas. A feature of professionalism starts this issue with an interview with Long John Wade.

Greg Krawchuck, Photo Editor, begins his photography column in this first summer edition. Greg also is helping to increase the use of pictures in the Vanguard, and, through his efforts, each edition will contain a photo story.

Expanding the paper costs money, and to help in that direction we're increasing our emphasis on ads and starting a

student rate classified ad section. This will cost 50¢ for an 18 word ad to \$1.00 for a 36 word ad — that's a full inch of type — cheap!

With all our ideas, what we need most is willing workers. Almost the entire editorial staff finishes their stay at CCP in December, and so far there's nobody to take our place.

We need writers, cartoonists, photographers, and typists to take over the management of the Vanguard after we leave.

The entire staff of the Vanguard is pledged to diligently put forth a maximum effort to give the school a paper it can point to with pride. Unfortunately, it takes more than the staff's efforts — it takes your interest. We want your suggestions, criticisms, and comments, and we want your involvement in the Vanguard.

AN OPINION

By MARY E. McKEOWN

Working for the Vanguard is such a challenge. I believe that Community College has the potential to produce a meaningful college newspaper. I also believe that this cannot be done without the respect and co-operation of our fine administration.

I have worked for the Vanguard for two semesters now; and in those two semesters I have seen top administrators who were allies of the Vanguard, turn into enemies. This, in my opinion, is tragic. I would like to see the administration and the Vanguard work together, I want them to be our friends. There is no reason why an administrator should sweat and tremble when a member of the Vanguard approaches them.

I have talked with people on this topic and I have heard many of our own benevolent administration bad-mouth this paper so unbelievably that you'd think it advocated communism or something as equally unappealing.

Now maybe you're thinking whose fault is this, who created this image? I'm not really sure, I know a good portion of the Vanguard's bad reputation can be attributed to a poor Editorial staff. But I also feel that the administration isn't giving us a fair chance.

It's not only true, but quite evident that recently the Vanguard's quality of journalism, (if you want to call it journalism) has been quite low. On the other hand, it's also true that the Vanguard has some very sensible, talented, and responsible people on its staff, and it is because of these people that I

am speaking out. I refuse to stand by and watch the whole staff be condemned for the actions of a few misguided persons. It is also true that, the same sensible, talented, and responsible people stood by and let the misguided persons ruin our reputation. This is also wrong. What can I say, that everybody makes mistakes at one time or another? No, that's a worn out cliché that will not do in this case. I will be the first to admit that there is no excuse for poor journalism.

The Editorial staff of this newspaper has been wrong, but the administration of Community College has been just as wrong. What good is the Vanguard if nobody supports it? What good is a college administration who is so blind and so immobile that they cannot see their own faults?

If you are an administrator, and if you have gotten this far into my article, by now you are probably thinking that in typical Vanguard fashion we have written another article knocking the administration. If you are, you have never been so wrong, all we at the Vanguard are trying to do is clear our name. I, personally do not want to work for a newspaper with such a bad reputation that the administration of this school won't even support it. That not only makes me look bad, but it makes the Vanguard, the administration, and the entire college look bad. Nothing works well under such conditions.

The Vanguard staff has elected a new editorial board, some of us are new, some of us are not. Either way, we are changing and will continue to change.

George Washington's birthday has traditionally been my annual Friday the 13th. Perhaps this ominous streak of bad luck had something to do with ol' George's successor — you know the guy. He met his Waterloo at Watergate.

Anyway, it began on Feb. 17, 1972, when I was leaving my home on Germantown Avenue to return to another week's harrassment at McGuire AFB, N.J. This dude came walking up to me, noting my briefcase, and said he was carrying a gun, then pointed out his friend across the street, who would intercede if I gave any trouble at all.

I'm bullheaded when it comes to direct threats, and when I started to walk away, calling his bluff, he grabbed my shoulder. I told him to get his Goddam hands off me, and his friend started crossing the street to help.

My brother had been observing all this from my home, and when he also made his appearance, both of my tormentors made themselves scarce.

I swore that if I couldn't leave my home, without getting hassled, then it was time to hang up my belief that you can reason with even the most violent of human rejects. I was (and still am) against violence, but I decided that learning a little self-defense wouldn't hurt.

I spent the next 8 months under the guidance of a Rebel I knew who had established himself in sweet home Alabama as a Golden Gloves champion (shades of George Wallace!) When he was busted for smoking grass, I continued my training until I was sent overseas, where I hired a Thai boxer, Boonchuay Sermmmai, to

give me intensive training in the art of Muay Thai (Thai Boxing). If my family or myself ever get hassled by some asshole bent on conflict, first he'll get the peace sign. Next, he'll get my shin turning his nose into a concave structure.

Anyhow, Georgie's birthday this year yielded another golden goodie. My wife's car, parked across my narrow street, was towed away by Philadelphia's finest.

I finally located it after extensive phone calls, and talking with a Chief Crane of the storage yard, I learned that between towing and storage, the '64 Ford was going to cost more than it was worth. Chief Crane said that the City would make its money from the scrap metal my car would soon be crinkled into, so I let them keep it.

A few weeks ago, I got a ticket through the mail, summons No. 6858015, to either pay a fine of \$105 for abandoning my car, or to appear in Traffic Court on April 3 (April 1st would have been much more appropriate). Listed directly below my address, 541, was the location of the 'abandoned' vehicle, in the vicinity of 542.

The Honorable George Twardy was late for the 1 p.m. session at 800 North Broad, and scolded one ticketed soul who arrived minutes after his honor had seated his brain behind the gavel (or perhaps, under it, following several tart raps).

Judge Twardy's sense of justice soon made itself apparent — every case was found guilty, regardless of plea or circumstance. I don't know why I expected better. When I got a ticket for going the wrong way on a small street near

Smokey Joe's several years back, I tried to fight it based on the fact that I was in a strange neighborhood and the snow was, indeed, coating all the signs with the same stickiness that exists between Howard Hughes' fingers and government contracts. I wasn't really too upset when I lost that case — after all, I was also weaving down that street under the influence of several shots of Tequila and uncounted pitchers of beer.

Judge Twardy called me before the Imperial Throne of Oz, and had the charges read off by a police sergeant who looked like Andy (from the old 'Amos 'n Andy' TV series) and had the uncanny ability to read, which wasn't bad considering his puppet behavior.

Sergeant Amos 'n Andy read the charges, and I quote, "the vehicle had no license plates and there was broken glass." More absurd charges have never been trumped up — probably some neighbor didn't like the Ford taking their parking space.

I told Honorable Judge Twardy that these were fabricated charges, and after careful deliberation of less than one second, he said, "One hundred and five dollars. Next."

I guess others have had it worse. Another guy had his auto creamed by a drunk, and the police towed it before insurance inspectors examined the wreck. He had to pay \$105, lost his car, and the drunk got off with a slightly bruised wrist — it got slapped a little too hard.

An old lady, who was ticketed for parking a half block from a bus stop, elbowed me and said, "Well, you gotta live with City Hall. You can't beat the System!"

TOAD

By TOAD

When I was hopping around in Southeast Asia, there was only one incident I can recall that grossed me out more than the war.

It was in Thailand, when a bandit was the subject of a public execution. Before he had his innards splattered against a wall, the criminal told the mother of a victim whose throat he'd slit, "I'm sorry for all the bad things I've done. My father was no good, too. . . I've got bad gum just like him." Gum is a Thai expression denoting that moral characteristics are passed down blood lines. . . kind of an oriental concept of Calvinism.

Anyhow, this little parable brings us to the Symbionese Liberation Army. I have great sympathy with some goals of this organization, unfortunately, I liked neither tactics nor members.

Terrorism, regardless of how critical or righteous the struggle, is a disgusting method of invoking change, and only brings about a lowering of the 'boom' from opponents. The SLA found its Waterloo floating on a pool of blood in Los Angeles.

To further the point, look at Yassir Arafat and the Palestinian Liberation

Organization. Arafat's speech to the UN seemed to envision a Middle East where Peace can once again find a comfortable niche. But never via the infamous technique being perfected by the PLO in places like Paris International Airport or Munich's Olympic Games.

The known survivors of the SLA hardly fit the image of dyed-in-the wool revolutionaries who've been fighting the Establishment since new birth (i.e. struggling to climb above the oppressive net flung over the ghetto).

No, instead we have Emily and William Harris, who left behind an expensively furnished apartment with such radical necessities as a stereo worth mucho dollars. Wonder why they didn't hawk that to feed the masses?

Marshall Cinque, the ex-con who got it when the SLA met the FBI, may have been honestly committed to the goals of the SLA. . . but my guess is that he was the walking definition of "token Negro."

And what else do we need to get it together for the hippest organization in the country — the daughter of a multi-millionaire (YIPPIE!) Enter Patricia Hearst.

Patty's gum has blown its bubble. It all started with her grandfather, portrayed so brilliantly by Orson Welles in "Citizen Kane." William Randolph Hearst Sr. was an ambitious soul whose singular quest was power. He finally achieved it in a huge newspaper complex headquartered in San Francisco, and his desire to stay on top was assured by the power of the press, perhaps with a sprinkling of distortion of the news.

Though the SLA professes to free the working man from the grip of the 'fascist insect' (big corporations), it's hard for me to see beyond their own almost obvious gamble for power. A fumbled and aborted attempt, but an attempt none-the-less. They probably still have grand dreams of a triumvirate reigning over the world.

From the Harris' miraculous change from hip capitalists to protectors of the people (they must suppose it's better late than never) to precious Patty, I'm very skeptical of the whole show. It reeks of all the sincerity of Tricia Nixon slapping on the blackface and signing up for a stint with the Black Panthers. And we all know what kind of gum she inherited.

BEWARE YE MATH MONGERS

By T.D. CAVALIERE

Have we people, who have taken Math 100, 105, 106, 108, and 109 in the past, been ripped-off??? The Math department has decided to change their credit system concerning the above mentioned courses.

The change will go into effect at the beginning of the Fall 1975 semester. The change will be that Math 105, 106, 108, and 109 will be condensed into a single course, Math 104, and will be worth three credits to the taker instead of the old accustomed two. Math 100 will be the same as it is now, and it, too, will be worth three credits. In case you didn't know, it is set-up now so that each of the aforementioned courses are worth only TWO credits, and it takes one three semesters to obtain the required six Math credits towards graduation. The way it will be, it will take one two semesters to acquire the long, sought after total.

WE FIT IN

OK, so where do we people who have paid the same price the people next semester will fit in? Well, since we did do the same amount of work as our decedents will, we should receive the same amount of credits that they do. Each one of the courses that we took is capable of being a three credit course as proved by the change that is being made. We deserve nine credits of Math instead of the six which we now possess.

The "SYSTEM" should not lack consistency. When something is done, it should be carried to its outer limits. Inconsistency is the greatest problem in any system and ours is no exception. But by starting to do things to their full extent, we have started to strive for a better system.

A system in which students and administration can sit down and really talk things out and really negotiate.

FREEZE NOW, LIVE LATER?

By TONJALI

A growing number of people are putting their hope in future medicine, knowing full well that today's medical scientists are still nowhere near eradicating disease or finding the solution to aging. They're submitting their bodies to Cryonic suspension, a sort of mummification by freezing. Several Cryonics societies now exist.

A Cryonics society member's body, instead of going through the normal burial or cremation procedures, is prepared for storage by freezing.

Blood is drained and replaced with a sort of anti-freeze solution. The body is placed into a ten-foot-long capsule full of liquid nitrogen, which is kept at 321 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. And instead of being buried six feet under in a cemetery plot, the thermos-bottle-like capsule is stored in a vault which will be opened sometime in the distant future when medical science, hopefully, will have the ability to thaw out the body, cure the cause of death of the deceased Cryonics society member, and restore him or her to life.

Superficially, this sounds tremendously intriguing. But as experts are quick to point out, and objective Cryonics society members are forced to admit, the statistical odds against its working are phenomenal.

Why won't it actually work? Because the undeniable reality is that a human body is programmed to die. Even if disease could be virtually eliminated, along with stress and poor diet (major factors that contribute to death), we would still die. From the very moment of birth, man's days are numbered.

PROGRAMMED TO DIE

Basic life-supporting cells in the human body divide just so many times. They reach a divisioning limit, approximately 50 times for certain main types of cells, after which all doubling ceases. This inborn aging

factor puts a limit on man's life span.

Cell deterioration, tissue deterioration, organ deterioration and body deterioration, ending in death is inevitable.

This programmed physical deterioration begins to increase dramatically in the average healthy human at around age 40. Taste ability, constantly on the decline, now begins to dramatically decrease. The ability to hear high pitched tones diminishes. A noticeable drop in visual acuity occurs. More importantly, the vital organs such as the heart, lungs, kidneys and liver increasingly malfunction.

With aging, hardening of the arteries increases markedly. Blood pressure climbs. Bones gradually lose more and more calcium. They become fragile and subject to breakage, even with relatively minor falls.

Overall body reflexes become sluggish with age. The conduction speed of nerve impulses slows. Brain cell deterioration, constantly occurring throughout life, reaches a more critical point. Memory starts fading. Increasing memory loss for recent events occurs. The ability to acquire new learning and cope with psychological deterioration mounts, the ability to shake off and resist disease weakens. At this point the way of all flesh draws nigh — death rears its ugly head.

Cryonic suspension doesn't alter this death cycle. Those bodies which are frozen are frozen after death.

Proper health care, including a proper diet and the elimination of disease, may prolong life substantially, but it doesn't solve aging and eventual death.

By JOCK ANDROIDSTEIN

We have spent the better part of the semester tracking the infamous antics of Harvey P. Stupido, student supreme, in quest of an answer. "Does our hero possess one smidgeon of intelligence, even an iota of brain power?"

Although his reasoning powers approach those of a dandelion, Harvey does function for want of physical gratification. He couldn't score the white lady recently, so his libido focused its attentions from the dulling powers of heroin to Harvey's long dormant sexual abilities.

After he detoxified, Harvey began to notice that he was experiencing strange feelings in the middle of the night, quite unlike anything he'd ever dreamed or imagined. In all fairness, Harvey's preoccupation with opiates has deadened his urges since prepubescence.

"Yes, Harvey, what's troubling you, baby. You want a drink of water? Afraid of the dark?"

"No, Mommy, it's nuttin' like dat. I have a dumb feeling, right here..."

"HARVEY PETUNIA STUPIDO... don't play with your beezer like that!"

"It's been a long time since I played wit' it... I forgot what to call it. Dah last time I called my beezer my beezer was when Daddy showed me how ta go ta dah bathroom, when I was sixteen..."

Mommy Stupido took it upon herself to explain to precious Harvey that his feelings were normal... every twenty year old goes through such

moments. After wrapping up her lecture on the birds and the bees, Mommy left Harvey to his own resources.

As he entered dreamland, Harvey cunningly 'thought' to himself, "Tomorrow, I'm gonna find me a yuckie dat wants to meet my beezer!"

Before class, Harvey took a stroll in Skid Row and rolled a wino, just to keep in practice for the day when his ill-gotten loot could be put to good use again. Ah, sweet scag.

Scrawled on the back of a State Store receipt for a bottle of Thunderbird, Harvey's wet dream came true. "For a good (C E N S O R E D), call (C E N S O R E D) and ask for Cynthia."

By sheer coincidence, Cynthia happened to be student (??) at CCP, too. You've probably seen her... she walks with a stoop because her ten pounds of makeup really drags her face down.

Cynthia McNitwit is a name every dude who's ever taken a gander at the graffiti in the men's room has gotten to know. Our Skid Row victim woke up after a mean drunk one day in the CCP basement latrine, and caught Cynthia etching her message to the lonely atop a urinal. She did him a number and left her number on his receipt for future reference.

Harvey and Cynthia hit it off right away because of a singular lack of gray matter, with combined cums of under .5 between them.

Every day Harvey has a reason to come to school. His fourth attempt at psychology seems doomed again as he and

Cynthia go through the motions of necking in the last row. Cynthia's claim for financial aid seems similarly imperiled as she and Harvey try petting in the ceramics workshop. Messy, messy.

When they're not in class, it's a sure bet that Harvey and Cynthia will be frenching in the lobby or taking a spot of heavy breathing in the third stall of the basement men's latrine. To Harvey's dismay, their moments of passion are invariably interrupted by Cynthia's uncontrollable urge to trace her moniker on the walls complete with phone number and intent to seduce.

Harvey and Cynthia are among a growing legion of idiots applying pressure to the CCP hierarchy to foment a surefire cure for cut throat competition. Their solution is no competition at all.

Here's how it works. You bust your ass getting your grades of C, B and A. Harvey and Cynthia, meanwhile, lull away the hours and score well-deserved F's after cutting their finals. They are not content with the school policy permitting them to discount failing grades because that would leave them a zero Quality-Point Average.

They would like to see the day when students at CCP can question any grade a teacher assigns, and through continued petition (hassling), get that score changed.

FROM THE DEAN

As the end of the school year approaches, many students are applying for permanent employment or summer jobs. In many cases the potential employer contacts the Office of the Dean of Students for information about the student. It is the policy of the college not to give information about a student without the written authorization of the student.

Some employers get a signed release from the student and present it to the college with the request for information. However, most employers do not do this.

It is my recommendation that students seeking employment and using the college as a reference either (1) prepare a release form and give it to the employer with the application or (2) prepare a release form which authorizes the college to provide such information for employment purposes and file it with the Placement Office, Room 411C, or the Office of the Dean of Students.

Incidentally, this is another excellent reason for registering with the Placement Office and developing a personal credentials file for use in seeking employment or college transfer.

LASO ON THE GO

By JOSE CRESPO

When was the last time you visited the Latin American Students Organization?

Did you know we moved?

In case you didn't know LASO has moved to its new headquarters. We at LASO thank everyone responsible in granting LASO with a new office. Business can now be conducted in an orderly manner.

If you're wondering the whereabouts of our office, I feel it's time you came around. We are located in the lower level of the college next to the athletic office.

The office has recently received a painting, which adds to the beauty of not just the office but the school. It also adds desire to work together for the students involved.

The organization has changed hands. It is now headed by Rafael Cruz-Adames, whose desire and ambition to work with his people is serving as a guide for all the Latin American Students.

Rafael is not solely responsible for all of the functions of the organization, as there are many other

students involved in different details and arrangements of all the many different programs which the organization handles. The students at the organization help other students with educational problems as well as personal problems. Some of the students here to help you with your problems are: Pete Garcia, Vice President; Martha Rios, Secretary; and Nilda Cintron, our treasurer.

Many of you students reading this article right now are loaded with problems which I feel quite sure can be straightened out by the other students at the organization; so if you haven't stepped in to visit, we'd like to invite you down to the office. Here we will discuss matters over a warm cup of coffee.

You may feel free to ask questions as well as bring up some ideas which you may have.

In closing this article, I'd like to thank all of you who have taken the time to read my column. Next time when I write about the things which affect the Latin American students here at the college.

WHAT'S THE CHEAPEST AND BEST CLASSIFIED ADS AROUND? — VANGUARD CLASSIFIEDS — 50¢ BEGINNING NEXT EDITION

IN MY OPINION

By S. D. RIGGINS

This past semester has brought many unforeseen problems to the Vanguard. First we had a low percentage of staff writers which left many articles to be written by one, two or three persons. The letters to the Editor were asking if Gary Bryer was on an ego trip when that ink and paper could have been used for an article or a story. The student involvement with the paper was the lowest I've seen in the two years I have been on the Vanguard. I hope next semester more students join the paper, therefore making the paper broader in opinion. More events can be covered and the sports department could be a sports department if there are more people writing and reporting.

I hope much of the criticism changes into participation by the students. The Vanguard has an open door policy. Even though this semester has seen many internal problems with the staff and the Editors, we have always put the Vanguard out. This semester was not a failure and many issues showed good journalism. I would like to cite certain people for their individual effort: Gary Bryer, Mary McKeown, (who held the paper together when Mr. Bryer decided to become the second Great White Hope for WIDS when they were off the air), and our beloved typist, Lillian Reed.

I would like to thank the staff writers for their articles and their time. Throughout all the criticism I could see one

thing: the Vanguard did make you think and ask a few questions whether or not the thinking was for or against the Vanguard.

* * *

I believe it is about time Student Government be praised for the outstanding job they did this semester. Larry Brown, President and Art Arnold, Treasurer of Student Government were very instrumental in solving many problems and putting many policies into effect. Art Arnold, who is also serving on many committees including Chairman of the Student Affairs and Decentral Committees, was the person responsible for the swift passing of the security bill at Campus I. After many incidents pertaining to the safety of the college family reached an alarming number, the IWC and Student Affairs Committees passed a bill to expand security at CCP. Though the checkpoints and showing your identification cards may pose an inconvenience, they are beneficial for your protection.

Larry Brown has done a most professional and distinguished job as president. He is one of the people most responsible in making SG a functioning part of the college. He does not just work for the students and organizations, but he works with them. I am sorry to see Larry go, but he has done good here and we at the Vanguard wish him success in the future. Larry was a very essential part of the College family and he should be commended.

ROTC TRAINING

Over 200 students have signed a letter to President Bonnell requesting that an ROTC program be established at C.C.P.

Dr. Bonnell reports that the College has already had conversation with Drexel University and Temple University regarding the cross-enrollments so that CCP students can take advantage of the superior facilities of these institutions for ROTC training. An arrangement with Drexel for cross-enrollment has been in effect for many years, according to Dr. Bonnell, but few CCP students have been interested. The current request for ROTC appears to be evidence of a new trend.

Because of the numbers of CCP graduates who pursue their baccalaureate studies at Temple, it has been agreed by CCP, Drexel and Temple that the latter will assume major responsibility for accommodating CCP students who wish to enroll in ROTC basic courses.

Students who are interested in enrolling in ROTC for the Fall 1975 semester should call the Temple University Military Science Department at 787-7480 to make arrangements for classes. After the student selects his courses at Temple, he should complete a time preference card at the Registrar's desk at CCP. This will allow the school to schedule his classes so that they do not conflict with ROTC.

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FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT:

TEMPLE UNIVERSITY MILITARY SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

2110 NORTH BORAD STREET
(ACROSS FROM McDONALD'S)

or Call 787-7481 or 7482

FEATURES

ARE YOU INTO IT

By BOG

When I walked into CC of P last week, I was carded by one guard, paid another, and was given tickets and stamped by still another. I screamed, "rip-off!!!" because of the lack of alcohol, music, and women, but not necessarily in that order.

Oh well. Another semester gone. This will be the last **ARE YOU INTO IT** (thank God) until our first summer session edition comes out sometime in May. Bye the bye, I was elected to Fill in the Features Editor position again for next semester. It looks like you're stuck with me for one more semester.

I discovered something this week. If you don't go to a club for a while, you will enjoy it a lot more. Absence does make the heart grow fonder.

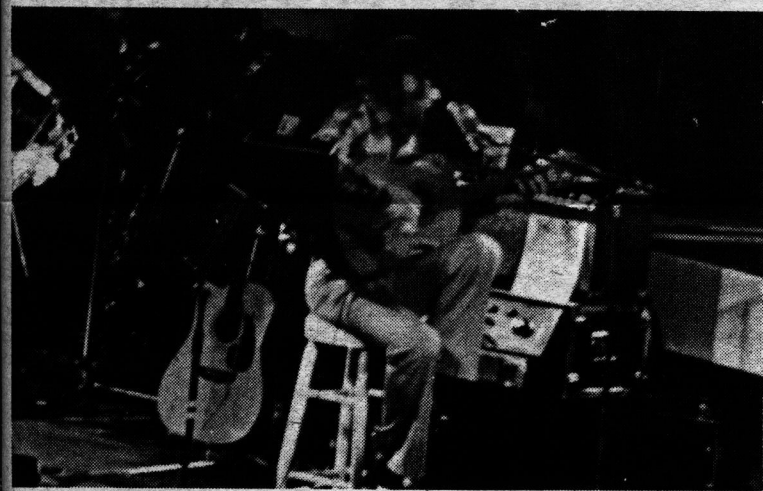
A friend of mine has just discovered a new way to meet playmates. He happened to get totally wasted one night at a club. His wasteness turned into sickness and he had to retire to the outside of the club to get

some air and to regurgitate. In doing so, he met a girl there for the very same reason. He said all he has to do now is make his speech more audible between barfs.

I know a chick who is definitely par cool. She has passed the clubbing stage. She is now into cabereting. Cabereting is something like clubbing only the person's mind is foxy. Having a foxy head is cool, but don't try to pull it off on old friends.

Since this is the last column, I'll write for you until next semester. I'll say all my good-byes and farewells now. I'll probably forget to do it later.

I guess it's sooner than I thought. All I can say is be at Hemingways on the last day of school for the big party. I also want to thank the entire VANGUARD staff (especially Rich and Mary, Greg, Jodi, and Elliott) and all of my friends (Sharon) in school for making my first semester as an editor extremely nerve-shattering, eye-popping and all them other adjectives.



Jimmy Seals (top) and Dash Crofts (bottom).

WHAT'S A "TRITON?"

By T.D. CAVALIERE

Some time back, a group named Triton played before very little people in the Annex Auditorium. Triton is a five man band of musicians hailing from around Philadelphia. Besides being now, Triton is Steve Deptula on all keyboards including mellotron and rock-si chord, Mark Williamson on percussion, David Karr on guitar and modulator, Larry Eubank on bass, and John Bush on 2nd guitar and vocals.

Now that the introductions are out of the way, I can say that this band has got it together. In a time of improvisational music, these

guys fit right in. Their influences are Yes, Pink Floyd, and other space bands. as proved by their music.

For a small time band, they have an excellent stereo sound system which is by Dawsound. This adds greatly to the keyboards of Steve's and to the modulator of Dave's.

All of the music which they play is written by the members of the group. This band is not the type to hire for a wedding. These guys are the type to sit back and get stoned to while listening.

With enough persistence, Triton will make it and I could say, "I told you so!"

SEALS & CROFT: FOLK-ROCK AT THE SPECTRUM

By GREG KRAWCHUK

On March 20, the Spectrum was treated to a rare occasion with Seals and Crofts, a folk band that has been around longer than some people think. But with the recent release of their AM hits, few people think of them as a folk band. Anyone who came to see a rock band was shocked.

The concert started with the title track from Seals & Crofts' new album *Windflowers*. From this they went into some of their slower, quieter number. With Jimmy Seals on guitar and fiddle and Dash Crofts on mandolin, they proceeded to lay down some music which was not only well arranged but perfectly performed.

At one point, to satisfy the glitter-rock fans, Dash Crofts went into a ballet-type dance. Not to be topped, Jimmy Seals then went into a "Nose Solo" in which he played a song simply by breathing through his nose, typical of their insanity.

After that, they went into "Hummingbird" and "We May Never Pass This Way Again," sending the crowd into a rousing ovation. The difficult harmonies, as did the rest of the music, was perfectly executed.

After a few more songs from the *Unborn Child* album, Jimmy Seals went into an unbelievable fiddle rendition of "Granny Will Your Dog Bite" from the second album, in which a 30 second song was extended to almost 20 minutes. Even though the song is definitely a country tune, it drove the crowd out of their seats and into the aisles to square dance.

Coming back for an encore they once again cranked out the previous country song, then "Summer Breeze", and then it was backstage for the end. After this they gave a talk on the Ba'hai religion of which they are followers. They explained the main premise of man being linked with nature, talked of how to follow, and left.

Jimmy Seals didn't believe that so many people would come to listen to folk music, but was pleased with the crowd's reaction as well as the way the concert came off. It is now obvious to all there that Seals and Crofts will always be welcome and wanted in the city of Philadelphia.

By the way, their new album, *Windflowers* should be out by now, and it is filled with the easy style they have come to be known for.

**PLEASE READ
OUR HOCKEY
WRITER EVEN
THOUGH SHE
IS A GIRL**

READ ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY?

By ELLIOT RICHTER

The intricate strategy of the criminal lawyer is brought to the world's scrutiny by Joel Moldovsky and Rose DeWolf in their new book **THE BEST DEFENSE** (Macmillan Publishing Co. '75).

Moldovsky rips the robe of mystique from Justice as she blindly balances her scales, and displays her, naked, to the world. He reveals Justice in all her imperfect splendor, as she has never been seen before.

THE BEST DEFENSE conducts a nickel tour through the world of jurisprudence and *habias corpus* into the life of a highly successful criminal lawyer. Taking the reader behind the scenes of cases which were yesterday's headlines, Moldovsky shows how they were won and lost through his courtroom dramatics. He rarely considered guilt or innocence. "All my clients are innocent," he says, "until somebody proves they're guilty." His insights into the relationship between a criminal lawyer and criminal justice are sometimes cynical, often humorous, and always right on and factual.

From case to case and chapter to chapter, Moldovsky reveals his strategies of judge shopping and plea bargaining. He discusses the problem of

court back logs in a new light, as a tool for the defense.

Refusing to cop-out, he candidly admits that fees are one of the first things he speaks with a prospective client about.

"They paid me fifty dollars a week and I knew it was coming right out of their food budget. But hell, if I hadn't have taken it, I wouldn't have had a food budget."

THE BEST DEFENSE might stir up a small swarm of bees in the legal profession, much like Jim Bounton's **BALL FOUR** did in baseball. The legal world isn't ready for such honesty and candor. Moldovsky doesn't say anything derogatory about his profession, only things people never knew before. Neither indicting or excusing, he tells the way it is in a candid and refreshing manner.

The charm and humor of co-authress, Rose DeWolf, become evident throughout each flowing chapter. Her expert writing talents are a perfect compliment for Moldovsky's frankness and insights. Her style enhances the drama and humor of each case.

The book goes on sale April 28th throughout the City. To get a good idea of justice in the courts, read it; not to do so would be a grave injustice indeed.

AN EVENING WITH JACKSON BROWNE

BY JODI NUDELMAN,
RANDI SNADER
and IRV COHEN

The Tower Theatre was graced with the presence of two outstanding performers, Jackson Browne and Phoebe Snow.

Phoebe's set was very short but very to the point. All songs but three were from her Shelter recording "Phoebe Snow". "All these songs can be heard on all my albums." Her guitar playing was excellent as was her voice, especially her range on the end of her Billy Holiday number and Neil Young's "Don't Let It Bring You Down".

She previewed one song from her upcoming new album entitled "Two Fisted Love" which will probably get a lot of air play on the radio.

Jackson Browne is a native Californian whose songs have been recorded by such people as Eagles, Linda Ronstadt, Tom Rush, to name a few.

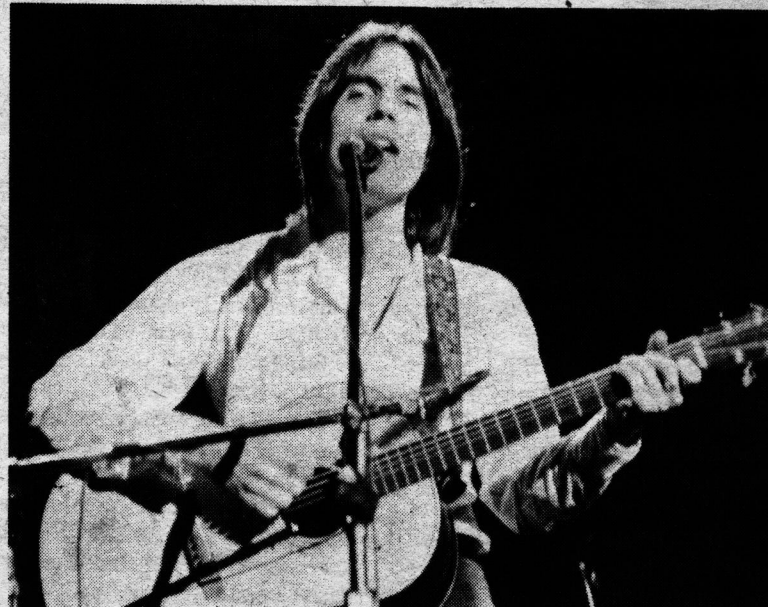
Jackson has also been known to back-up such people like Nico of the Velvet Underground while he was a struggling young musician.

Jackson Browne, returning to Philadelphia, brought his own brand of sensitive music, performed what seemed to be an evening of his memorable songs.

Opening his show with "I Am A Child", followed by songs like, "Doctor My Eyes", "These Days", "For Every Man", "Late For the Sky", to the enjoyment of the audience.

His band showed off their versatility by displaying a mixture of laid back melancholy and straight forward Rock and Rollin music.

He performed his set in a warm friendly atmosphere, going in and out of songs at will. Though the show got a bit tedious, it was a most enjoyable few hours.





By DOUG MASON

A great presence graced the Annex Auditorium here Feb. 16 as Willie Dixon and the Chicago All-Stars made an afternoon and evening appearance.

Among those who have recorded material from the prolific pen of Dixon are Elvis, Cream, 'Peter, Paul & Mary', Peggy Lee, Sam Cooke and hosts of others, in all genres of sound.

The All-Stars started things cooking with Carey Bell Harrington, harpist supreme, singing "Gonna Find Me A Woman (Treat Me Right)." As guitarist Buster Benton noted, "let Carey blow you outa here." His harmonica did.

Heavy electric bass riffing by Willie's son, Freddie, gave a firm foundation to the followup, "It's So Easy To Love You (So Hard To Leave You Alone)," while Buster and Carey Bell added impressive licks to the 12-bar setup.

Pianist Lafayette Leake took the reins for a couple of numbers, whether singing about easin' the pain on the 2:19 train or numbing with a barrage of "beat-me-daddy-8-to-the-bar" boogie woogie.

By the end of their warming-up session, the All-Stars (including drummer Clifton James) had well demonstrated their ability as a rhythm machine. And Carey Bell left me in tatters after blowing untapped timbral qualities from that Mississippi sax. His technique is unreal — he can create natural reverb effects at will, or play indefinitely elongated notes via circular breathing.

Willie entered the stage at this point, and opened with "Twenty Nine Ways To My Baby's Door," which is also superbly recorded by Canadian harmonica King Biscuit Boy.

Entering into a modified version of "You Shook Me" (Led Zeppelin haven't been rocked and rolled by her like Willie yet), Carey Bell put

emphasis on the line "Moved me just like a hurricane" by blowing up a storm projecting his voice through the reeds.

"I'm not afraid to say I'm jealous," explained Willie as he dove into "I Don't Trust Nobody (When It Comes To My Girl)." At age 59, who can blame this 40-year veteran of blues belting?

Getting around to those inescapable sexual references that trademark the blues, Willie also got lots of chuckles with "Put It All In There."

The all too short gig came to an end with "All Night Long," a standard that could just as easily be a hit for Muddy Waters or Little Walter Jacobs, contemporaries who met Willie at the crossroads of Chicago's South Side, where delta stylings took on the sophistication of the urban blues. (Electric!)

Herbie Hancock & the Headhunters played the Valley Forge Music Fair March 23 — I've been an avant fan since hearing cuts of "Headhunters" on the radio a year and a half ago. Proof of this LP's excellence lies in the fact that this record sold 20 times the volume of any previous Hancock release.

It was truly a night of nostalgia, whether recalling Herbie and reedman Bennie Maupin jamming with Miles Davis at the Electric Factory almost five years ago, or freaking on this dude Iran into whom I haven't seen in a decade — we used to trade Marvel comics back then. Apparently Thor, Spiderman and the Fantastic Four had geared our heads for Hancock. Or was it Dr. Strange?

Herbie opened with a solo bit on the acoustic piano, "Maiden Voyage." The 20-minute piece features dissonance which shows how interesting 'clashes' between the ivories can be. Herbie explores the outermost fringe of chordal color, and scale climbing runs finally precipitate into a bout

with the Headhunters.

This funky ensemble demonstrates master cohesiveness despite tricky tempo and great variation of melody. "Actual Proof" is everything the title claims.

Herbie quit his chores at electric piano at this point so the quintet could perform some group compositions from the "Survival Of The Fittest" album. The guitarist, Blackbird, flew away in chromatic abandon with "If You Got It, You Get It, You Gotta Get It." Bennie's saxello combines the deep gutted throatiness of sax with the leveling effect of an obie. Blackbird increased the sonic dimension with special effects he projected from some electronic box he commandeered. Percussionist Bill Summers played a string of jingle bells to accent Bennie's switch to flute. Quite a mix of sound, to say the least.

Before the band took off into "God Made Me Funky," drummer Mike Clarke (the other half of the foundation team is bassist Paul Jackson) gave an exercise in pure endurance with a solo that was interesting though not all that creative.

After intermission, things got "ba-a-a-ad," as Herbie might describe it. "Spanker Lee" ignited the spark, Herbie setting minds ablaze with his three-way keyboard setup.

While Bennie utilized his saxello with dramatic silence, Herbie was freakin' the crowd with extended decay patterns from the synthesizer on "Sly." Bill amazed with an electrifying performance on a bowed gourd and whistle flute.

Herbie's continued electronic barrage was now taking the timbral structure of Chinese blocks, far beyond anything you've ever heard in a Maxwell House commercial.

"This is for an insect," explained Herbie, "It's fragile

(Continued on Page 8)

ARP TALENT CONTEST

T. Morgan, Program Director of radio station WMMR, Philadelphia, and Jerry Powers, President of Jerry Powers Advertising, Inc., New York City, announced today that WMMR will co-produce with Arp the 1st talent contest being sponsored by Arp Instruments, Inc., Philadelphia, April 29.

WMMR will begin Arp contest announcements April 8 and continue through April 30 ending with announcements or prize winners. The talent scouting by Arp begins simultaneous with the WMMR schedule, April 8, and will end April 21. Eight semi-finalists will be selected from the Philadelphia area and will compete in a gala concert-contest Tuesday evening, April 29, Tower Theatre, Upper

Darby.

First place prize-winning band will receive the highly acclaimed Arp Explorer which has been the sensation of the music world. Since its introduction in 1970, Arp has been the foremost electronic synthesizer with professional musicians everywhere. Among the music greats who use and endorse Arp are: Peter Townshend; Ike and Tina Turner; Billy Preston; Elton John; Herbie Hancock; Rolling Stones (Mick Taylor), many others.

The Arp synthesizer will also become a part of the WMMR in-station production department. Program Director Morgan has expressed the enthusiasm of the station in adding the Arp synthesizer to WMMR's resources. Morgan has pointed

out that many of the WMMR staff are trained musicians who anticipate making Arp a focal point in the station's production.

WMMR is also planning a series of promotional activities to tie-in with the Arp month-long activities in Philadelphia.

Applications for entering the Arp talent contest can be obtained at: "The Drummer," 4221 Germantown Avenue, Phila.; Medley Music Store, 55-57 W. Lancaster Rd., Ardmore; Cherry Hill Music Center, 1753 E. Marlton Pike, Cherry Hill; Tower Theatre, 69th & Market, Upper Darby; or by calling or writing Radio Station WMMR, 19th & Walnut, Phila. 19103, telephone (215) 561-0933.

THE RETURN OF JEFF BECK

By ART CONNOR
WIDS Staff

After almost a year's absence, Jeff Beck has finally released a new album, appropriately titled, "BLOW BY BLOW". Ever since his departure as lead guitarist from the Yardbirds in 1967, Beck's career has been plagued with one group breaking up after another. Former illustrious band members have included, Rod Stewart, Nicky Hopkins, and Ronnie Wood. And more recently, Tim Bogart and Carmine Appice.

But with each failure, Beck has been able to come back stronger than the last. One of the reasons being his great versatility. Whether it be Motown, Blues, or driving hard rock, Beck could play whatever he fancied on his guitar.

Now with the new album, Beck for the first time is working without a vocalist. The album is entirely instrumental. This is nothing new to Jeff, he usually had one or two good instrumentals on every album. With a new tight band, Beck comes up with some very tasty bits. The new line up includes, Max

Middleton on keyboards, Phil Chen on bass, Richard Bailey on drums and of course Beck on guitar. The album is produced by Beatle producer, George Martin.

Side one opens up with "You Know What I Mean", a perfect blend of funky rock and jazz. Two more pieces include "Air Blower", and "Scatterbrain," with Jeff coming up with all those perfect riffs. Side two opens with two Stevie Wonder tunes, "Cause We Ended As Lovers" and "Thelonius" Jeff being a big fan of Wonder gives him the ultimate compliment with his arrangement of the songs.

One of the high points of the album is the haunting "Diamond Dust", Beck and Middleton pushed each other to crescendos, and George Martin wove in the orchestra at just the right moments.

Putting an entire album out of instrumentals would be suicide for most rock guitarists, but for a man of Jeff Beck's talent, the album was worth the wait. So, if you're into hearing a good tight band with excellent guitar work, Jeff Beck's "Blow By Blow" is definitely for you.



It seems Mayor Rizzo was politician' at the cake cutting ceremony at Campus II on April first, and at the same time his opponent, Senator Lou Hill, was having his supporters chased from campus I. Wanna know who signs the checks for this place?

Traditionally, when an area policeman dies on duty, the Philadelphia Lodge No. 5 of the Fraternal Order of Police makes a donation to the family. The two officers who died in Jersey picked a bad time, though. After contributing 18 g's to hiszonner's campaign, the F.O.P. couldn't afford a few bucks for the widows. Well, I guess it goes to one cop's family or another's.

Wonder if Mayor Rizzo would make his campaign promises on a lie detector? Ask Pete Camiel.

I was in church one time with the mayor, at the funeral services for a slain policeman. It was a perplexing situation — when you're praying with Frank Rizzo, who do you pray to?

I'll never forget the picture of then police commissioner Rizzo with a night stick protruding from his pants through the cumberbund on his tux — HE WISHES!! That's his (God) father image, folks.

Speaking of incompetent politicians, Larry Brown, student government prez, was told that the only reason he's the mahoff down there is because nobody wanted the

other guy. "You mean I was the lesser of two evils?" Prez Brown asked. "We're beginning to have our doubts," he was answered.

One more word about the cake cutting on April 1st. Each bite weighed a ton and the total cost was a jillion bucks (really only \$1,800, but nobody believes this column anyhow). It was designed by an architectural engineer; I chipped a tooth on the steel reinforcement.

They tightened the security around here to the point of absurdity. It's bad enough coming in laden with books in the morning without having to fumble for your ID card, but when the guard calls you by your first name to see who you are — that's dumb!

LOOKING BACK

The SEPTA strike caused quite a mess

But without a trolley around The Philly Police had to find away

To slow the traffic down

Dean Sherwood was in a nasty mood

He asked, "Who can we hassle, kids?"

So he grabbed his handy screwdriver kit

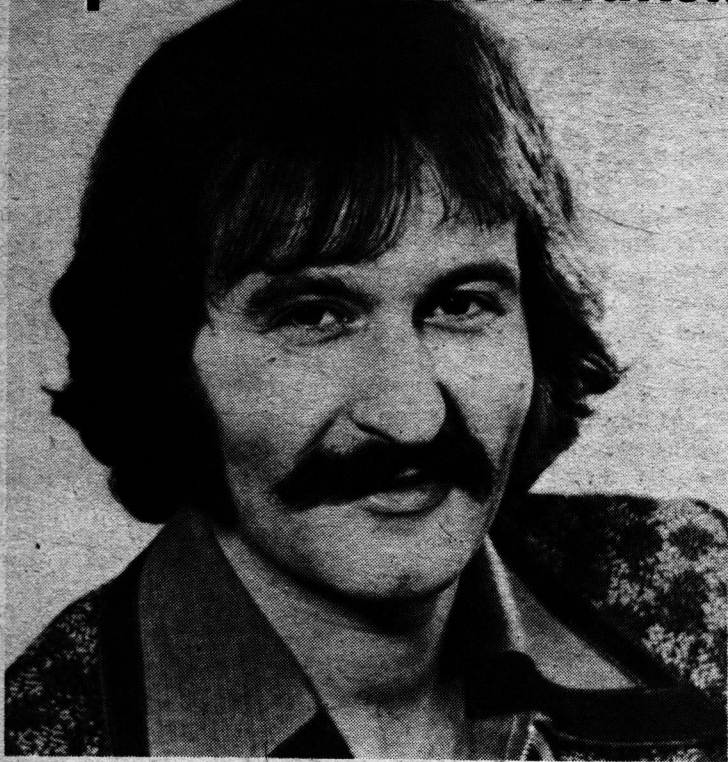
And changed the lock on WIDS

The cold winter's morning would chill our bones

From our head down to our toes

(Continued on Page 7)

Pinpoint: Professionalism



John Wade leaves WCAU May 10th.

WCAU BIDS SO LONG JOHN WADE

Long John Wade began his broadcasting career at his college radio station while working toward his degree in communications. After graduating, he worked his way up from small station to small station, often having janitorial avocations included in his duties as a broadcaster.

With each move to a new station his pay and following increased until, eight years ago, he was hired by WFIL in Philadelphia. His easy, relaxed manner and pleasant voice made him an instant success among the transister set of the late sixties rock and roll generation. These same qualities coupled with an impressive appearance insured his popularity on the local tube in teen type dance shows with Jerry Blavitt and on The Steel Pier Show with Ed Hurst.

"Broadcasting develops the personality," says Wade. "You don't have to be an extraverted 'life of the party' type to make it in this business. Before I began working at my college radio station, I would never have thought of doing anything 'public' such as this. Rather, I preferred the behind the scenes thing like stage hand on the school show and like that."

After making his name in the music-broadcasting business, Long John accepted an offer from WCAU-AM to do straight talk radio. Rapping with people is John's bag, he was a natural choice.

"The idea wasn't so much to get away from the music scene. The two way talk format expanded me professionally rather than put me on a higher plane. There are guys in this business who couldn't do the disk-jockey job, so if they went from the talk format, or news, or whatever they had been doing all their lives, to music, they'd be broadening their professionalism as well. Because a certain element of people might consider this job as more class doesn't mean it's a higher level, really. To them it is, but to somebody who listens to a music station, I've lowered myself. It depends on who you are and from where you're looking."

Perhaps one of the reasons John went to the talk radio was his natural rapport with people. It's easy to tell he enjoys talking to a live, participating audience. "I had an opportunity to sit in for one of the commentators a year before I started here. It was very different. In case of a mistake you can't 'punt and play a record'. You're always live, you're on. There's no long playing 'Light My Fire' to cover a rest break. It's harder work, but there's more satisfaction to it."

"They'd like me to keep as well abreast of current events as possible. Time, Newsweek, Daily News, Bulletin, there's just not enough time for all of them. Some of it you don't want to read, some of it you can't get to — you do what you can."

"Some people, music oriented youth say 18 to 30 will still say, 'Oh, Long John — WFIL.' They still think I'm working there. But people who never listen to music are now getting to know me, so I've actually expanded my image. There are more people who know who I am now because they never would have listened to a WFIL, or WIBG, or a WCAU-FM."

In the year that Long John has been doing talk radio, the scope of his show has ranged from open forum on current events to discussions with people such as psychics, aura readers, strippers, and authors. Being a listener participation format, it lent itself well to John's inventiveness and he instituted ideas like "on the air long distance calls to loved ones" and "on the air encounter sessions."

The whole idea behind bringing Long John to WCAU was to lower the listening age of the audience. Even though the station had one of the largest ratings in the area, the average age of their listeners was over fifty. Advertisers want an audience of 18 to 49.

"The original idea for this format was called 'experiential radio.' But through a lot of poo-pahs it didn't work. It would have worked if they would have

carried it through to the commitments they originally had verbalized, but they didn't. We drove away what we expected to drive away in the audience, but we did not garner any new listeners since nobody who wasn't listening before knew we were doing anything new."

Because WCAU never promoted the experiential radio, they never did attract the audience they were after. The result is that WCAU will change to an all news format a la KYW as of May 13.

"They wanted to bring the age group down to a level most desired by advertisers, so they brought me in to deal on a level that would be more desirable to younger people — which would be a turn off to older folks. And it was; they all went away. A third of the audience disappeared. But they never promoted to younger people what we were doing for them, so nobody ever tuned in. They remained listening to their FIL's, their Whyfy's and what have you. They never gave it a good shot. They went through a whole rating period without mentioning anywhere, except on our radio station, what we were doing. They have to go billboards, TV, newspapers, etc. to promote a new idea, or they're not going to get an audience."

John is highly respected in the broadcasting field. He started the American Academy of Broadcasting, whose graduates can be found spread throughout the broadcasting industry.

"Broadcasting in general has never been more on the verge of popping a cork because of the advent of cable TV and video cassettes, so there are going to be a lot of positions available, especially when you think of the cable systems as being small money grossers. They will have to

hire new, less expensive talent. And that's where everybody has to start, unless they're Joe Garagiola or Johnny Unitas, who though they don't have even the basic tools of a broadcaster, became famous in one field (sports) and moved over to the other. So a beginner broadcaster has to pay his dues, and the problem in the past was that there weren't enough beginner positions open. They've always been there, but nobody ever told the people coming into this business how to get a job."

"There are specialists in job seeking in broadcasting — not many, but a few. But there are ways of very easily getting into the field. It's a very simple thing; it takes motivation, and some people might consider what you have to do a bit of a sacrifice. Johnny Carson started at NBC sweeping floors."

"The basic skills that you need are reading and writing, but for the voice and ear as opposed to print. They stop teaching you this in the sixth grade, and what we have to do at schools like The American Academy is reeducate the student to this idea."

"People in broadcasting enjoy true success; they get paid for doing what they enjoy most. I don't know of anyone who wouldn't like a slot in this business, if it was the right slot."

Long John leaves WCAU on May 13th and has no immediate plans for the change, except that he will stay in the Philadelphia area. The Vanguard thanks him for his comments and will be looking forward to hearing from him again soon on an unprecedented fifth area station.

In broadcasting, having a good time is professional, and professional is Long John Wade.

"RAPPIN' WITH JOEL B."

By RITA M. IPPOLITI

WIDS has often been accused by a certain Vanguard editor as being short on talent. Well that statement couldn't be further from the truth.

We have several popular air personalities and one of them happens to be "Joel B" who is one of our rock disc jockeys.

Joel comes to Community College from Washington High School. It was there that he first got his introduction to broadcasting. As part of a class assignment he was told to perform a commercial over the school's close-circuit television station. For his commercial he decided to sell a record. The whole performance in general was an enjoyable experience for Joel and it was at that time he made the decision to go into radio broadcasting.

Upon arriving at Community College, Joel auditioned for a spot on WIDS. He was successful and now does several rock shows a week for the CCP audience.

The first time at any new thing is bound to be a traumatic experience. Joel's first rock show was no exception. "The first time I ever went on the radio station, everything sort of went sour. I was unsure of myself and I couldn't get my voice to sound right. I didn't know how to

operate any of the equipment, so Rich Thomas had to sit in and do it for me. But ever since then, I have been learning. Every show I do is a new learning experience for me and with each successive one I believe I am getting a little better. Someday I just might make it!"

Since there appears to be an abundance of "soul music" aired on WIDS, many people believe that jocks who want to play other kinds of music are held down. "Not so," says Joel B. "I don't feel as though I'm being held down at WIDS. I do my shows regularly and have no difficulty programming the type of music which I want to play and which I believe my listeners want to hear. If people want to hear rock music more often they are going to have to get on the phone and call WIDS at LO 9-3680, extension #416 and request it. Maybe then WIDS's time will get divided up a bit more evenly among all musical tastes."

Joel B's show is definitely one of the most entertaining on the WIDS dial. There are also many others. Next time you hear, "This is Joel B playing rock and roll on WIDS Philadelphia. We are taking requests at LO 8-3680 . . ." remember that you are listening to a star of the future.

RICK'S NICHE

(Continued from Page 6)

A cab driver even cursed me out

So heartily his finger froze

The board and the teachers began to square off

To settle their contract hassle

When it comes to a buck it's fun to see

How well Bonnell can wrastle

On April Fools we cut a cake A very appropriate day

While the mayor spoke at Spring Garden St.

His opponent was chased away

C.C.P. first opened its doors Ten long years in the past

Though it seems like only yesterday

It couldn't get this bad that fast

And so the semester comes to an end

The year draws to a close So long, farewell, and I thank you all

For reading this repose

LOOKING AHEAD

This will probably be the last Rick's Niche ever published, so cut it out and put it in your scrapbooks; it might be worth money some day.

I'll be back next year, but this column will go the way of the horse and buggy to make room for some improvements we're all pretty high on at the Vanguard. One of the new features started this issue, Pinpoint: the Professionals. This will be interviews with people from different professions. If there's a special profession you'd like to see covered, let us know at the Vanguard, we'll try to set it up.

Another thing we want to start next year is classified ads for the students and faculty. These will be cheap enough so you can tell the world you passed a Physics test or tell your girl or guy you love him or her. The money raised from these ads will help support another idea we have. We'd like to compensate the contributing and staff writers for the copy they give us. This will get more people interested in writing for the Vanguard and help raise the quality level. Right now, we can't even reimburse expenses.

If you like to write, or you like to take pictures, or you want to learn, come on down and join us. You'll like the new look of the Vanguard next year, and you'll be proud to be part of it, I'm sure.

Before I lay this column to rest for good, I'd like to acknowledge the many friends I made through the use of its print.

To Sandy Kunz and the pretty girls from the Sex Information Center (and friends) — You gals are great. You took a lot of kidding with a good sense of humor and gave me some good copy. Thanks.

To Dr. Evelyn Gordon: You're a good guy, Eve, if you stop being so sensitive, but thanks for your interest.

To Barry Ambramson: What can I say, you're still as big a shnook as when I did the column about you.

To Joy Gugenheim: I love ya' Joy, both of you.

To Cups: Grow up!

And finally to my faithful readers: Thanks, all three of you.

PUCKING AROUND

By JODINUDELMAN
& MAYNARD BURGESS

The Flyers have done what they set out to do this season, they have won the overall points for the season. This entitles them to a bye in the first round of the Stanley Cup Playoffs. Also they will have home ice advantage in all of the playoffs. They are tied in points with Montreal and Buffalo at 113, but the Flyers have won it because they won more games than any other team: 51 games, one better than last season.

Bernie Parent has won the Vezina for the second consecutive season. He posted 12 shutouts and 44 wins, the best in the entire NHL.

The Flyers broke their penalty record 1,969 and their shorthanded situations 463.

Bobby Clarke won the Campbell Conference scoring race with 116 points. He only had 27 goals, but had 89 assists.

Reggie Leach scored the most Flyer goals, 45. Rick MacLeish scored 38, Bill Barber 35.

Every player on the team scored at least one goal this season.

* * *

Bobby Orr lead the NHL in overall points with 132 points, followed by teammate Phil Esposito.

The Washington Capitals won their final game of the season beating Pittsburgh 8-4. This was only their 8th win of the season. They had 67 losses.

* * *

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TIME. THE FLYERS WILL
DO IT AGAIN. THIS IS YOUR
HOCKEY COLUMNIST'S
FORECAST FOR THE
STANLEY CUP FINALE OF
1975.

WE'RE NUMBER "1"
WE'RE NUMBER "1"
BERNIE BERNIE BERNIE

SPECTRUM DATES

Friday, April 18 — John Denver Concert — 8 p.m. \$6.50 seats still available; John Denver Concert — 12 Midnight — \$8.50, \$7.50, \$6.50.

Saturday, April 19 — Robin Trower Dance Concert — 8 p.m. \$5.50 in advance, \$6 at door — Special Guest: Brian Auger; Joe Vitale's Madmen.

Sunday, April 20 — Kinks Concert — 8 p.m. Spectrum Theatre — \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50, Special Guest: Preservation Part II

Wednesday, April 23 — Wings vs. N.Y. — 8 p.m.

Friday, April 25 — Alice Cooper Dance Concert — 8 p.m., \$6.50 in advance; \$7 at door — Special Guest: Suzi Quatro

Saturday, April 26 — Earth, Wind and Fire Concert — 8 p.m. \$7.50, \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50, Special Guest: Ramsey Lewis.

Monday, April 28 — Wings vs. Maryland — 8 p.m.

Wednesday, April 30 — Silver Gloves Finals — 8 p.m. \$3, \$5, \$7.

Friday, May 2 — Jeff Beck and Mahavishnu Orchestra — 8 p.m. Spectrum Theatre, \$6, \$5 (On Sale April 5)

Saturday, May 3 — Frankie Valli Concert — 8 p.m., \$7.50, \$6.50, \$5.50, Special Guests: Jay and the Americans; Tommy James and the Shondelles

Monday, May 5 — Spectrum Fights

Friday, May 9 — Hunter/Ronson Dance Concert

— 8 p.m. \$5.50 in advance, \$6 at door (On Sale April 5)

Saturday, May 10 — Wings vs. Maryland — 8 p.m.

Wednesday, May 14 — Wings vs. Boston — 8 p.m.

Friday, May 16 — Wings vs. Quebec — 8 p.m.

Saturday, May 17 — Eagles Concert — 8 p.m. Spectrum Theatre, \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50

Saturday, May 24 — Wings vs. Boston — 8 p.m.

Tuesday, May 27 — Bad Company Concert

Circus May 28-June 8 (Prices: \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50, \$3.50)

Wednesday, May 28, 8 p.m.; Thursday, May 29, 4 p.m. and 8 p.m., children/groups discount; Friday, May 30, 10:30 a.m. — Special School Performance — Open to schools only; Friday, May 30, 8 p.m.; Saturday, May 31, 11 a.m., children; 3 p.m. and 8 p.m.

DISCOUNTS:

CHILDREN: \$1.50 off all regular priced tickets to youngsters under 12 to designated performances; children under 2 admitted free.

GROUPS: \$1.00 off to groups of 25 or more on \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50 tickets only; \$1.50 off for 250 or more on \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50.

SCHOOLS: May 30, 10:30 a.m. performance for school groups only. Lower Level tickets — \$4.00, Second Level — \$3.00.

crowd emotions along for the ride. The band provided a many-textured array against Herbie's continued assault with synthesized expertise. Smoke bombs were going off in the center of the revolving stage, while Herbie added to the visual gimmickry by conducting the lights — fading in or out with crescendos or diminuendos in sound. The final flash bomb announced the end of almost three hours of perfection.

Did anyone else see the Muppet Show on TV March 19? Among Jim Henson's creations is the rock group, The Electric Mayhem. These puppets could peel the hot leather off some of the stooges passing themselves off as pop deities on progressive radio nowadays.

AN OBJECTIVE REVIEW OF

"IT HURTS WHEN I PUCKER"

By RITA M. IPPOLITI

Last semester a close friend of mine confronted me with the following statement, "When I finish my studies and obtain my degree, it is my utmost dream to attain a career in the theater. Acting is probably the only profession which could thoroughly satisfy me." Now, what would your reaction to such a statement be? Probably a sympathetic 'good luck,' and the inner thought of that person's eventual starvation.

Well, a few months later that same friend excitedly told me that she had won, through a series of long and competitive auditions, a role in the play "Comings and Goings" which was to be a segment of the overall show "It Hurts When I Pucker." This show was staged in our own CCP Annex Auditorium on the evenings of March 19 & 20th, and the afternoon of the 23rd. A special performance was also staged on April 11th as part of the Decennial celebration.

The program itself was a joint effort by the Drama Workshop and the Modern Dance Group. Collectively they presented a most entertaining evening of theater and dance.

The program opened with the staging of Israel Horovitz's "The Line." This play portrayed a true element of real life. It illustrated the fact of how everyone wants to be first and only those who make it into that number one spot feel recognized and important. The performers in this play included Mark Snyder, Paul Brown, Liz Flax, Anthony Johnson, and of course Angelo Rogonesi.

The Modern Dance Group next took the stage with "Rock Bottom," an almost hillbilly-type dance in which each performer interjects an element of his own personality into the presentation. Included in the Modern Dance Group

are Shelly Alston, Diane Ballod, Jeffrey Brooker, Delores Brooks, Odessa Gailiard, Andre Harris, Ann Marie Mulgrew, Janet Tech, Jammilla Toombs, and Pam Young.

The Unexpurgated Memoirs of Bernard Mergendeiler, which was the second play performed, was truly an innovative and almost comical one. It dealt with the man/woman/human relations of life and the impact which sex has on them. The play had only two performers; a 'He' and a 'She' who were portrayed by John Belgiorno and Kathy Rosen.

The next dance piece was entitled "Counterpoint" and it featured Jammilla Toombs as soloist. The dance was a ballet-type performed to the music of J.S. Bach. This piece in particular brought out the graceful qualities in each of the dancers.

The last play to be performed had to be the lightest of them all. It was called "Comings and Goings" and it was exactly that. Every forty seconds or so, a wheel containing all of the performer's names was spun. The names which came up were the performers who would act out that particular scene. When the wheel was spun again, the performers were changed. Sometimes this would occur in mid-scene. This play was written by Megan Terry and variations were added by CCP students Frank Nesko, Ruth Hyman, and Francine Baskin. The cast was made up of a mere eight individuals of which four were male and four female. The performers were: Joseph Blake, Paul Brown, Angelo Rogonesi, Mark Snyder, Druscilla Baker, Joanne Dillon, Vina Frio, and Delores Marrero. Cheryl Wells spun the wheel.

After viewing "It Hurts

When I Pucker" several times, I must state that all-in-all it was a most enjoyable and enlightening evening of entertainment. The performers were shining their brightest and each individual component of the overall performance was neatly organized to fit in smoothly. Partly responsible for the flawless order which prevailed on performance nights was Carston Warner, stage manager. The beautiful sets used were designed and constructed by CCP Art major Curtis Thomas.

What can be said about the producer and directors which could pay them tribute enough? I doubt if anything I could say would do. Adele Magner, producer of the program and director of the Drama Workshop, took the raw talents of several individuals and pooled them together to come out with one unique product: "It Hurts When I Pucker."

This could only have been done in one way: hard work both on her part as well as on the parts of her many cast members. Ellen Forman, director of the Modern Dance Group, utilized the same tactics as Adele Magner did with the Drama Workshop, and she came out with two beautifully choreographed dance routines which would do any professional dance troupe justice. Assistant Director Cheryl Wells also gave her utmost to insure four absolutely stunning performances. Their efforts certainly paid off.

Hopefully in the future Community College of Philadelphia will see many more performances such as this one staged within its walls. With faculty directors such as Adele Magner and Ellen Forman and a host of talented and willing students, that hope is sure to become a reality!

Young Frankenstein ... A Success

By M. E. McKEOWN

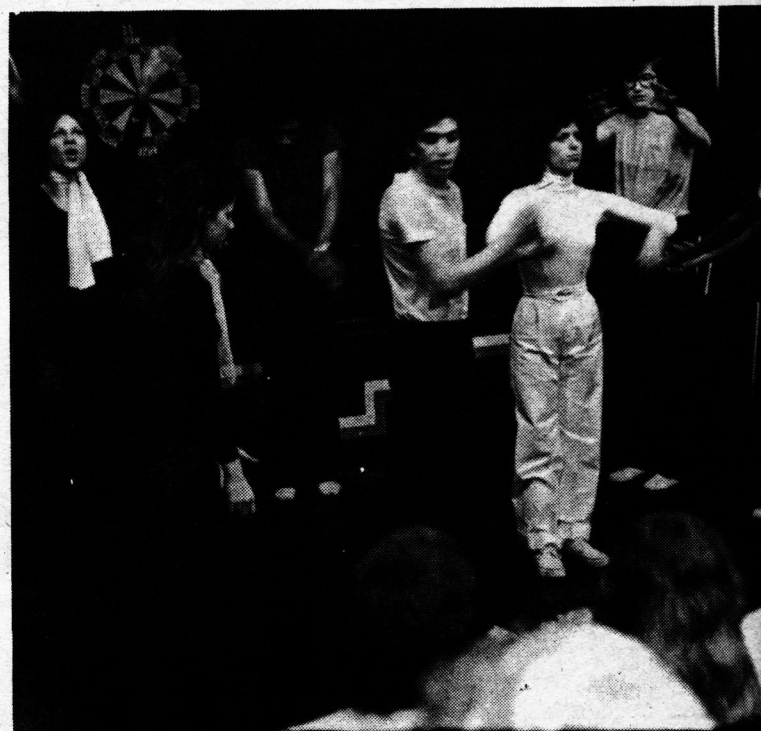
Mel Brooks has outdone himself in his latest production of Young Frankenstein. I had the pleasure of seeing his newest and best film some time ago. In the past I have always been impressed with the work of Mel Brooks, but more so since I've seen his last masterpiece.

Young Frankenstein is modeled after the original Frankenstein plot, but a hundred times funnier. There are some moments in this film when you'll have to cry, or fall out of your seat, to ease the laughter. And you'll love every minute of it.

As I've stated before, Young Frankenstein, in my opinion is Mel Brooks best. To believe it you have to see it. And as Brooks would say, see it in black and white and plywood

ONE THING BUGS ME

Yes as the title says one thing does bug me, and that is the fact that Mel Brooks being a great talent of humor, has never really been recognized by Hollywood..... Young



CCP Players in "It Hurts When I Pucker"

Frankenstein will probably go as unnoticed as his other great works of humor and art have, such as Blazing Saddles, and the Twelve Chairs. This is nothing but plain prejudice, and the biggies in Hollywood are guilty of this in the highest degree for not recognizing such a talent.

VANGUARD
CLASSIFIEDS
BRING RESULTS
FOR 50 CENTS
CHEAP!

KRAKEN

(Continued from Page 6)

and has many colors. I dedicate it to the ladies. You know what I mean — along with the dedication goes love, touching and all those other characteristics." This warm prelude to "Butterfly" far removes Hancock from the withdrawn (almost hostile) world of Miles Davis. The assembled fans knew when to start clapping along as the number took a percussive twist, with the synthesizer reaching out on all tangents. A train rhythm between gourd and audience was a thrill unto itself.

As the Headhunters broke into "Chameleon," Bennie's tenor sax went ecstatic with